

## ENEMY REPULSED FROM RIVER FORTS

Boom of Guns in Mimic  
Fight Sets City  
Guessing.

### COFFIN COMMANDS DEFENSIVE FORCE

Drill Arranged on Request of Representative Hull, Chairman Committee on Military Affairs.

Tired, and perhaps sleepy, a party of half a hundred men and women, under the protecting wing of Representative John A. T. Hull of Iowa, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, arrived in Washington early this morning on the mine planter General Mills, after an eventful night at the river forts, watching the repulse of an imaginary enemy, attacking Washington.

It was a clear night, and the flash and boom of the big guns and mortars lent it a picturesque quality that thoroughly enthused the party, men and women alike. Incidentally, the booming of the big guns shattered the dreams of many Washingtonians who were tossing restlessly in their beds, trying to obtain a little sound sleep.

The drill last night was a surprise, not only to the men on duty, but to the public, which mistook the reverberations of the mortars for the rolling of thunder in the Virginia hills.

The imaginary fleet trying to sneak up the river past the forts, was annihilated before a single ship managed to get in striking distance.

Requested by Mr. Hull.

The drill was arranged on request of Mr. Hull, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. It was to represent an unexpected attack by an enemy, a sudden call to arms, and quick manning of the guns. It worked out perfectly. Representative Hull and his party left Washington early last evening on the new mine planter steamer of the Coast Artillery Corps, the General Mills, which was ordered up for the occasion. In the party were all the members of the Military Committee who were in town, the Iowa delegation in Congress, Senator Cummings, and Dr. Foster, of Illinois, and their families and friends.

Soon after their arrival at Fort Washington, an alarm was sounded, and a signal rocket went high in the air, where it hung for a brief moment suspended. Immediately there was a scene of activity. Searchlights flashed from hidden and unexpected places, and the fire and battle command stations became beehives of activity. Telescopes and range finders swept the river, up and down, and from shore to shore, following the trail of the crossing and re-crossing search lights.

Scan the River.

All of this happened at about 9 o'clock. Hundreds of eyes scanned the river for the first sight of the enemy's ships. Suddenly from down on the point toward Marshall Hall, there flashed a silent signal. To Colonel Coffin, in command of the defenses, it meant that the enemy's fleet, two battleships and a cruiser, were bearing this point that obscures the lower reaches of the river past Marshall Hall. He gave low incisive orders, that set things moving in the battle command station. Telephonic orders went to the heavy batteries to load, and the searchlights moved more restlessly, drawing irresistibly to the point below Marshall Hall. No. 4 light lingered in its long sweep across the river, halted, started on again, and suddenly stopped. Lieutenant Terrell gazing through a range-finding telescope, exclaimed, "The enemy!" Colonel Coffin, in the battle command station adjoining, seemed to hear. Lieutenant Terrell read of the range figures from his instrument, with equal rapidity and precision the plotters calculated on these figures and sent the result to all the batteries. All this happened in a second, and suddenly the command rang out: "Battery Meigs, open fire."

Opens Fire.

From back in the hills across a ravine there came a blinding flash. A tremendous boom and roar rent the air, as Meigs, the big mortar battery, fired a volley. Then the battle was on in earnest. Humphries with his 12-inch disappearing rifles spoke next, and she was quickly followed by all the others, as the hostile fleet, now all sighted, came in range, in an attempt to either get in action themselves, or to run the gauntlet. It is estimated that everyone of them was destroyed before they could have fired an effective shot.

The enemy consisted of Alonzo H. Cushing and another tug and the yacht Onondaga, of the District of Columbia Naval Reserve. They endeavored to disguise their appearance, but it was no use. Fate was against them. Just as the Onondaga came around the point, the moon burst forth from behind a filmy cloud, and silhouetted her white hull. She was then but a mere speck of moments before she was theoretically sent to the bottom.

It was an inspiring sight for the visitors on the battle command station, and the parapets of the old fort, this mock battle on the river, and they cheered, men and women alike. Many excursionists, too, enjoyed the spectacle and succeeded in injecting themselves in the battle as one of the hostile ships sought cover behind one of the big excursion boats.

Inspect Guns.

After the bloodless victory, Colonel Coffin invited all the members of the visiting party to make a round of the batteries on the rocky railroad, and inspect the guns. The big twelve-inchers and mortars were loaded with mock shells and swung into position for their benefit. It was great fun for the younger members of the party, riding through the dense woods on the dinky train that makes the round of the batteries.

The inspection completed, Colonel Coffin brought the party back to his quarters, high on the promontory overlooking the river, where they met Mrs. Coffin and partook of the general's widely known hospitality. The midnight hour had passed when the party boarded the General Mills again, to return to Washington.

The General Mills will leave Washington today, for her regular station at Fort Monroe. She was ordered to Washington for the occasion.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

THE GOVERNOR DECIDES.  
THAT night Phil slept soundly. The next day was to mean much to him. If the governor granted him a pardon he would have a very good chance to free himself from the second charge.

In the morning he was up early, waiting anxiously.

About an hour after breakfast a guard stopped at his cell with a bundle.

"From the captain," he said, handing it in.

Phil opened the package at once. It contained a new prison suit of black and gray.

He looked down at the red stripes he had worn for so long. A suggestion of a tear was in his eye.

"Am I to wear these instead?" he asked the guard.

"Yes," was the reply.

Daring put on the new suit hurriedly. It was the first step toward freedom.

The captain had relieved him of the ignominious stripes.

It was a wonderful relief to Phil to find himself clad like the others.

All the morning he waited for news concerning his pardon. He had expected so much of the new prison suit.

He mentally thumbed over the points that were to be presented to the governor. His cousin's confession, What could that be? He hoped that it would be strong enough to convince.

Then came a telegram. Phil's hands trembled as he tore it open.

When he had finished reading the message he sat staring at it for half an hour, until the following words were firmly printed in his mind:

"Unconditional pardon. New trial will be granted. Will be with you in two hours."  
DR. LYONS.

He could not grasp the situation wholly, but a vague sense of contentment thrilled through him.

Daring was still in a daze when the smiling faces of Dr. Lyons and Mr. Bristol presented themselves at his door.

"Congratulations," cried the physician, extending his hand.

Phil looked up, smiled and shook the hand firmly. The guard did not interfere, although it was against prison regulations.

"Mine, too," beamed the lawyer.

"I can hardly believe it," murmured Daring.

"It's true enough," they told him, "and there's more good news."

"What is it?"

"The will has been upheld," answered Dr. Lyons. "I am your guardian, and we will have all the money we need to spend on the new trial."

"Fine!" cried Phil.

"The governor was easily convinced," put in Bristol. "We didn't have much trouble. The captain made a plea for you, and we presented your cousin's confession. It was easy."

"My cousin's confession?" cried Phil. "What was that? You have never told me."

"I'll leave a copy of it with you," answered the lawyer, groping in his pocket.

Phil took the paper eagerly and began to read.

"Don't read it now," urged the doctor. "We've got things to talk about. The papers are full of the news of your pardon, and public sympathy seems to have switched back to you after the heroic work you did in the prison fire. I'm proud of you, my boy."

"What more is there to do?" queried Daring.

"We must talk about your new trial. We have arranged it for day after tomorrow. Mr. Bristol did wonderful work."

"I HAD NICE SLEEP;"  
DECLARES "DEAD" MAN

Baker Sits Up in Morgue Coffin After Persistent Use of X-Ray Treatment Under Direction of Hospital Superintendent.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 27.—Forty minutes after Joseph Remillard, a baker's assistant, aged forty, had been pronounced dead at the City Hospital, the man sat up in the morgue coffin and said: "What a nice sleep I have had."

To Dr. Edgar L. Drew, the new superintendent of the City Hospital, here, belongs the credit of bringing the baker "back to life."

As Remillard, who had been overcome by the heat and died, as the doctors said, was being wheeled in a pack of ice into the morgue, in the coffin used for the purpose, Dr. Drew passed in the corridor. The doctor pulled back the sheet covering the apparently dead man. "This man is not dead," he said after a critical glance. "I am going to try to save him."

Remillard under Dr. Drew's orders was wheeled into the X-ray room. Fifteen minutes elapsed in the X-ray room. Dr. Drew was insistent. He ignored the credulous looks of the other physicians and insisted on applying current after current and all sorts of shocks on the officially dead man. There was a tremor in the man's limbs. Then the doctors eagerly surrounded the coffin in which the man lay. The muscles heaved and a sigh broke the stillness of the room. Remillard's eyes opened, a faint color stole into the marble face. "What a nice sleep I've had," he murmured, drowsily.

"More electricity," ordered Dr. Drew. Just forty minutes after Remillard was declared dead at the hospital, he was wheeled from the X-ray room to a ward and placed in a bed, his name being taken from the list of the dead and placed on the "will recover" list.

ROCKLAND, Me., June 27.—In an attempt to dive from the top of the tug Fred E. Richards, on which he was employed as mess boy, James R. Wilson, of Baltimore, struck the tug, injuring him so that he was helpless when he reached the water. He drowned before the sailors could pull him aboard. His body was recovered.

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But those are not the best features of our Rinkies Glasses by any means. They're made to FIT YOUR NOSE like a spectacle, no slipping, no pinching, just easy security.

We fit them to your eyes so they will assure prompt relief from all eyesight troubles. If your eyes are weak, and faulty let us fit you without further delay.

FITTED AND ADJUSTED  
SPECIAL AT \$2.00  
For This Week Only  
HINES, Eyesight  
Specialist  
925 G St. N. W.

TRENTON, N. J., June 27.—The body of Robert Cox, aged seventy-two, who disappeared Monday, has been found in the Delaware river near the intake of the Trenton water plant. It is believed he fell from the bridge in the night.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

AUTHOR OF

"THE BURDEN OF PROOF"

Nearly all of my plans were thwarted. I have made a mess of my life and am glad to die and end it all, if from my confession my cousin can gain freedom.

(Signed) ROBERT STEVENS.

Now everything was clear. Phil could understand why Eben had tried so hard to talk and tell of the accident that had caused his uncle's death.

Many things were cleared up by the confession. Phil understood why his cousin had been arrested on the charge of murder and convicted. The confession he had given to stimulate old Eben's speech was purely accidental, but Bob had been made to pay the penalty for it.

The remainder of that day and all of the next were spent in plans for the new trial.

The lawyer was busy with Bradshaw and the bath trust, getting their testimony into shape, for the captain had that Number 771 to testify in Phil's favor.

Daring thought more of Alice than of anything else. He wanted to keep his mind off the trial. It was discouraging to think that now, when he had everything to hope for, there was news of him to enjoy it all, unless he could hear something of the whereabouts of Alice.

No," was the slow reply. "You see, things looked so black when she went away and she was so determined in her course that I could not find out where she intended to locate or under what name she was going to begin her new life."

"It's been worrying me a great deal lately," said Phil.

"Well, keep up your hopes, boy. When we get you out you can put in a year or two in the West trying to locate her."

"I must find her," replied Phil.

The lawyer returned at that moment. "It'll be a good witness," was his enthusiastic remark. "We want to do up this trial right and it will pay us to spend the money for his testimony."

After a little more talk the party broke up and Phil turned quickly to his cousin's deathbed confession.

He was full of wonder concerning it. CHAPTER LVIII. WHEN THE AUTOMOBILE STOPPED.

THE paper read:  
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
I, Robert Stevens, being of sound mind, make the following statement in order that justice may be done to those who deserve it.

My cousin, Philip Daring, is not guilty of the murder of my uncle, John T. Stevens.

In the deathbed confession of Eben, my uncle's servant, he finally was able to express himself. For several months he had been unable to talk.

Finally I secured a powerful drug that seemed to loosen his tongue and he told me the circumstances regarding my uncle's death.

Eben was mixing a cold cure for my uncle on that night. Just before making the medicine he had been cleaning some brass with nitric acid. He was near-sighted and mistook the acid bottle for one of the regular ingredients of the medicine.

The moment my uncle drank it, Eben realized his mistake and swooned, hitting his head on a sharp corner and in some way paralyzed his speech.

Eben told me further that he had secreted my uncle's will, the latest one, in which he left everything to Daring, in a crack in the casing between the den and the hall, on the right hand side.

From the overdose of the drug I gave him, Eben died, after talking for half an hour.

I doctored the cough drops with nitric acid in order to throw suspicion on Phil and thus win Alice Darington.

Later, I had an agreement with Mr. Rogers, Phil's lawyer, by which the old will was to be substituted for the new one, and I the other half.

What's What in Prices?

That's what everyone wants to know when he has printing to be done. The extent of WILKINS' patronage permits him to figure on a smaller margin of profit than "the other fellow."

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